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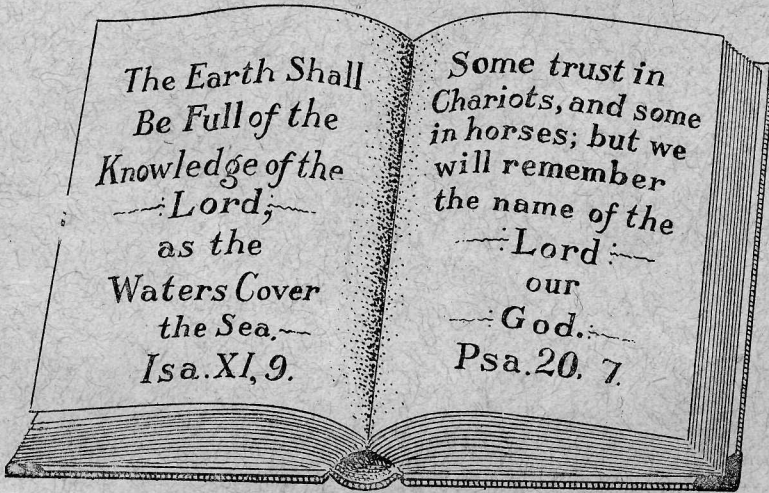
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Visitor.

GRANTHAM, PA.

November 30, 1914.

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VOL. XXVIII. GRANTHAM, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1914.

No. 24.

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A MOMENT IN THE MORNING.

A moment in the morning, ere the cares of
day begin,
Ere the heart's wide door is open for the
world to enter in;
Ah, then, alone with Jesus, in the silence of
the morn,
In heavenly, sweet communion let your duty
day be born.
In the quietude that blesses with a prelude
of repose,
Let your soul be soothed and softened, as
the dew revives the rose.

A moment in the morning take your Bible in
your hand,
And catch a glimpse of glory from the peace-
ful promised land;
It will linger still before you when you seek
the busy mart,
And, like flowers of hope, will blossom into
beauty in your heart;

The precious words, like jewels, will glisten
all the day
With a rare, effulgent glory that will brighten
all the way.

—Anonymous.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the laborer's toil;
Was it vain, thy Son's deep anguish
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

Tidings sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher!
Lord Almighty, give the Word:
Give the Word; in every nation
Let the Gospel-trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
In every place where man is found.
Then the end: Thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
(Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

—Henry Downton.

The honest desire and sincere prayer of
every Christian is for peace. The present
prospect betokens a world calamity. Some
of us have not been deceived by the peace
talk while the nations have been preparing
for the inevitable conflict. The Prince of
Peace prophesied that nation should rise a-
gainst nation and kingdom against kingdom
and when they say peace and safety then
sudden destruction shall come upon them
and the prophecy must be fulfilled some
day. We could wish that it might not be
now —I. H. Horton.

Christ and His cross together are
sweet company, and a blessed couple.—
Rutherford.

Evangelical Visitor

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EDITORIAL.

WAR—AGAINST SIN

As men in Europe are waging war on one another, it is agreeable to note that war is being waged on sin in America.

A huge temporary structure seating about nine thousand people, has been erected in Harrisburg, Pa., and is being used by Rev. Henry W. Stough and his eleven associate workers in an effort to "Capture Harrisburg for God", as they characteristically term it.

This frame building, known as the Tabernacle, contains about 230,000 feet of lumber, and covers over 41,000 sq. ft. of floor space. In other words, it is claimed to be the next largest building of its kind ever constructed in America.

Their plan of campaign consists of evening and afternoon evangelistic services every day save Monday. Saturday afternoons subjects like, "Mother Eve's Daughters", "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Problems and Perils of Womanhood," "The Story of Life," "Mysteries and Tragedies of Motherhood," and "The White Slave Traffic" are discussed before women only.

On Sunday afternoon men only are addressed upon such subjects as, "Red-lights and Searchlights," "Booze and Booze-Hoisters" and "The Scarlet Man."

A large chorus of sixteen or seventeen hundred people under the direction of a member of the Stough party, undertakes the singing end of the work.

While there are features connected with the effort that do not conform to the staid and sturdy principles and doctrines of our Brotherhood, by way of levity in connection with the lifting of the offerings and in the preliminary meeting, or song service, yet it must be admitted that a vast amount of good is being accomplished.

Up to this writing, about three thousand have professed conversion. Quite contrary to the usual teachings of modern evangelists, repentance and restitution are taught, and all "trail-hitters," as their converts are called, are asked to promise, first of all, to institute family worship; to witness before their fellow-men, confessing Christ before them; and are told to expect persecution if they are true Christians.

Dr. Stough is a bitter enemy of the liquor traffic, and takes advantage of every opportunity to strike a blow at "this business spawned in hell." On Sunday, Nov. 22, he delivered a powerful tirade against "booze" to ten thousand men.

Of these about eight thousand rose in a body and pledged themselves to fight rum to the finish, while about fifty went out to the altar to get right with God and quit drinking. At the first altar-call in the meetings about five hundred church members went to the altar to get right with God.

It is not ours to judge the depth of the spiritual work accomplished, but we are glad for the stir that is created among the people concerning spiritual matters by means of these apparently sensational methods. Dr. Stough appeals to his audience in unmistakably plain and terse language, his vernacular being interspersed with considerable slang. However, this is what reaches the street-walkers and red-light and pool room frequenters, where proper grammar would be too "starchy" to interest them.

Taken as a whole, the effort is a meritorious one, and if the works and words are sifted out and only the good retained, a vast amount of benefit may be gotten out of it by the poor, old, sin-besmirched city of Harrisburg.

Surely we as a church organization need to arouse ourselves to more ex-

tended and energetic efforts to reach "down-and-outers" in our city slums and country breeding-places of sin. May God hasten the day when our little band may *all* be on the firing-line for God, having on the whole armor of God; fighting the good fight of faith, believing that He is able as our Captain, and that finally we shall be more than conquerors thru Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God.

How often do Christians sin in giving up the effort to save men because of the apparent hopelessness of winning them! Some would even dare to give over whole races to destruction because of such an excuse. Some say, "Why preach the gospel to the Jews? God does not intend that they shall repent in this age." But could a love that could not restrain itself from striving with Judas to the end keep from telling the Jews of a glorious salvation waiting for everyone who will believe? And some say that it is unprofitable to try to evangelize the Moslems, because both prophecy and experience prove that they are hopelessly lost. This is not true; but even if it were, would that be accepted as valid excuse by One who could love with such a love as that of the betrayed Friend?—*Sel.*

What if the intense sorrow of Christ had been unto death. If He had died there He could not have died on the cross. This perhaps was His fear and the cause of His agonizing prayer, "Let this cup pass from me." If He had died of grief and weariness what of the cross? —*Sel.*

Imagination is greater than realization.—*J. R.*

CONTRIBUTED.

TWO PICTURES.

When the question was asked at General Conference who would volunteer to write for the VISITOR my hand, with others, was raised. Some have already paid that vow, I want to do likewise, altho my subject was given to me some time before. My thoughts are often of the VISITOR family as I go about my daily tasks, but my time for writing is limited.

The first picture is that of a woman standing with clasped hands before the window looking, as it were, into space. She has been left alone early in life with six or eight children, in a community somewhat impoverished, and almost without property. She says to herself, "My life is laid out for me; I am not to seek my own ease and comfort: these children are my care;" and before the lark sings in the morning she is up: and after the last voice has died out of life at night she is still engaged in her labor. She grows thin; she bears sickness; she is in obscurity. She has in herself all the instincts which would make her royal in large society; but she foregoes the pleasure that they might bring and gives her time to her children. What a beautiful picture of Christ giving His life for others.

The other picture is that of a lady of wealth and refinement. She sits at the table with her husband and five children. One by one those children have been taken into their home. The first one is a young lady now. As she enters the room, the father and mother smile (if I remember the story). She was taken into their home when quite young: she was very bad, would lie, steal and run away, but the lady tried in many ways to win her, but she still

ran away. One morning the lady packed her clothes and told her she may go now and stay away: but before the day was over she came back and running up to the lady said, "Mamma I don't want to leave you any more." She had won her thru love. Day by day she taught her until she grew to be the beautiful young lady we see in the picture. She named her Faith, because she had faith to believe her efforts would be rewarded.

These two characters bring out the Spirit of the Master. The first though poor, gave her life, her best for those entrusted to her. One says, She had cause to; those were her own. True, but what about the second? A lady of means she could have spent her time and money in another, and many ways. She could have been a society woman, entertaining her friends at card, and other parties, as we see it so much of today. She could have had a life of ease, comfort, and selfishness, but she chose to share her comforts with others, and to give her very best. Did it pay? Was it worth while? Yes, she experienced more real joy and satisfaction than if she had lived for herself. But how few we find that are willing to do this. I only see now why those two pictures were so rivited on my mind. The Master gave His all for us, and became poor for our sakes.

*"He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I.
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay His head."*

At this time of the year, when we already feel the chill of winter, my tho'ts go out to the many comfortable homes over this land, and so many little helpless, homeless ones: but no room for them. How about it dear ones? Are we like a certain mother, when Christmas time was nearing, she said, "I don't know what to get for my child, we have

been getting him every thing we could think of." Are we wondering what more we can do to our homes to make them more comfortable and more attractive? "Well," one says, "it is alright if I can afford it." Can you, brother, sister? Are you not only a steward? Another says, "Would you not have things different if you could? Yes, I certainly would have some conveniences, and especially so, since those little ones have come to our home, but if God sees best for us to care for them in this way, we will do our very best. These lines so often come to me:

*"Never in a princely palace,
Rested He on golden bed;
Never on a downy pillow
Pillowed He His weary head."*

Think of these lines when we want to have things so very nice. The King of glory could not seek His own ease and comfort. As a dear brother said at Cross Roads last summer, "The Lord will allow us some of these conveniences but let us be careful."

[We thank God for the many charitable institutions, and the dear ones who are willing to leave their homes and go and care for those who need care, but does that lessen our responsibility? Read Isa. 58: 7: "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy home? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh."

Some of these truths may strike home, how can we get around it? It is God's word. I know that God speaks to hearts. Jesus would gladly enter some of your homes as a little helpless homeless ones, but no room. I know it means much. It means sacrificing our own comforts, some sleepless nights, watching by the little beds but there too the Master is and speaks in tones that none

but you can hear. "I was sick and ye ministered unto me." Can we trust Him?

Believe me, dear one, you will find real joy and pleasure in caring for them, like the woman in the first picture. We may grow weary, our bodies and strength may give way, and all may seem dark at times; tears may fall on the curly head, but we press the little form a little closer to our bosoms, while the Master whispers softly, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Yes we need know nothing about them, their little lives may be shrouded in mystery, but He understands it all, and it is remarkable how your love grows with the care. It will not be a burden as some think, but a real pleasure. True, some almost in looks if not in words pity your ignorance for undertaking it without means. They forget that, "the cattle upon a thousand hills are His, and He holds the wealth of the world in His hands."

How can God work out His purpose in our lives or the lives of others if we do not obey? We can't all do great things, but,

*In this little while, doth it matter
As we work and, we watch and, we wait,
If we're filling the task He assigns us,
Be it service small or great?*

*There's a work for me and a work for
you;*

Something for each of us now to do.

Yes, God pity the Christian that has nothing to do. May our hearts be open to conviction on these lines.

I did not mean to get so lengthly. I trust you will bear with me. I will not come often. May God get some glory to Himself thru this weak effort. I need your prayers.

Anna M. Stump.

Grantham, Pa.

Ignorance is the devil's college.—
Christmas Evans.

LOT.

[The following original articles were prepared by students in their regular class work at the Messiah Bible School.]

Lot was the nephew of Abraham, and the grandson of Terah. He is said to be the father of all such as are scarcely saved. He began his religious life very early and very well. There was something good about him in his youth. But he did not keep on as he began. He did not follow in the foot-steps of his uncle Abraham or his grandfather Terah. If he had followed them he would have lived a pure and happy life; he would have escaped many sorrows, and would have gone down to the grave an elder of a good report, a father of the blameless.

He left Chaldea and came to Haran with Abraham. When Abraham left Haran and went to the promised land, Lot went with him. Wherever Abraham built an altar, Lot sacrificed at that altar or built one like it for himself. When the Lord spoke to Abraham, the uncle never kept anything from his nephew which he thought would be beneficial to him. When the terrible famine fell on Egypt, Abraham took Lot with him down to Egypt, and when the famine was over he took him back again to Canaan.

Egypt was a great temptation to Lot, who was not a high-minded man. We do not read in the Bible of a single kind-hearted, self-forgetful act performed by Lot. He was becoming a close-fisted, miserly, money-loving man. His herdmen knew this and tried to please him by removing landmarks, and by driving Abraham's cattle away from the watering places, thus causing quarrels between Abraham's herdmen and themselves.

Then Abraham, who is the first peacemaker that we read of in the Bible, said, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left

hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Oh! the altruistic nature of Abraham!

But what did Lot do? Listen to what this all-for-self man said, and then think of the difference between the two characters. "And Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest into Zoar. And Lot chose all the plain of Jordan, and Lot journeyed east, and dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tents toward Sodom." He knew that Sodom was a wicked city, but what was that to him? There was plenty of water and pasture for his cattle, and that was all he cared for.

Shortly after this, the first war which we read of in the Bible broke out in the Jordan Valley. The king of Sodom was defeated and fled. Lot was taken prisoner. He and his possessions were taken up into the mountains. But fortunately for Lot, one of his herdmen escaped and went to Abraham. Abraham went up into the mountain and fell upon the sleeping camp. The next morning Lot was a free man.

We all think that Lot was a wicked man. But we read in the Bible that when the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, He delivered "just" Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked.

Because he lived and had possessions in the wicked city Sodom, he thought he could not leave it.

"Lot, therefore, is the father of all those men whose righteous souls are vexed with the life they are leading, but keep on enduring the vexation.

Helen E. Berkheimer.

REBEKAH.

Rebekah was the daughter of Bethuel and lived in the land of Canaan.

We do not know much of her early life but the real drama of her life begins with her proposal.

Abraham desired that his son Isaac should marry a Canaanite, for the Canaanites were believers in God. So he sent his servant with ten camels to Nahor to seek a wife for his son. He journeyed over the desert and at eventide arrived at a well just outside the city gates. The servant prayed to God to direct him saying that whoever should come to draw water and should give to him and the camels should be Isaac's wife.

At eventide, as the sun was sinking below the western horizon we see Rebekah, a beautiful maiden, the sunbeam of her home, leaving her mother's house with a water pot on her head. As she tripped along she looked out over the vast sands of Mesopotamia wondering why she was not a boy, that she could be called to do work for God. But God had a noble purpose in her life which she did not see at this time.

As she approached the spring and bending down was dipping the sparkling water into her waterpot, the toilworn servant drew near to her and asked for water. Her heart swelled up in praise to God as she gave the servant water and also carried water to the trough for the thirsty camels.

Then the servant placed bracelets of gold on her arm and asked her for shelter in her home during the night, and food for the camels. At her home the servant told them that his purpose on this journey was to seek a wife for Isaac. And then asked if Rebekah would go to be Isaac's wife.

Now Rebekah lived among the sons and daughters of Heth and from an outward point of view, a son of Heth would have made her a better companion for life than the son of Abraham. But Rebekah was far-seeing and sought the vision of the coming will of God. She said, "My kinsman Isaac is less gorgeously apparelled than the men of Heth; vied by the light of the hour they seem to outshine him. But I feel that the verdict of tomorrow will reverse that of today. I feel that his comparatively plain garment has in it an element which will outlast theirs, which will stand the wear and tear when theirs

is moth-eaten and wasted. I feel that this race of mine, which is also His race has in it that which will survive the brilliant trappings of the Hittites and bequeath an heirloom to posterity which they are powerless to bestow." When the question was asked her, "Will you go?" She said, "I will go."

On the next morning Rebekah mounted one of the camels and with the servant journeyed out over the sands of the desert to meet her future husband.

In the evening as the moon was shedding her gentle rays over the land, Isaac was walking in his field meditating, when he saw in the distance the approaching camels wearily plodding along. As they drew near Rebekah dismounted and when the servant told Isaac all things that had happened, she was taken to Isaac's tent.

She was of a kind sympathetic nature and proved a joy to Isaac and supplied the vacant place made by the death of his mother.

As their ship was launched on the golden morning of life, their home was one of the sweetest in history. But a darkening shadow fell on them. They had two sons, Esau and Jacob. By birth Esau was heir to the birthright and the blessing. Isaac loved Esau and Rebekah loved Jacob. This shows the cause of the great gulf placed between them.

Rebekah watched the two boys as they grew into manhood. She saw that Esau's thoughts were for the present hour, but that Jacob looked into the future and that Jacob would kneel at his altar while Esau would be hunting. She knew that Esau, being the older, was entitled to the blessing but Jacob was better fitted for God's work.

Isaac was advancing in years and said he wanted to give Esau the blessing before he died. Rebekah thought that her attempt for Jacob to receive the blessing was useless. When suddenly Isaac lost his eyesight. Now a ray of light flashed thru her soul as she thought her way was open for Jacob to receive the blessing. Could she not clothe Jacob as Esau and deceive the hand of Isaac. To Rebekah this was glorious blindness.

This was done and when Esau came to receive the blessing it had been given to Jacob. This greatly grieved Isaac and angered Esau.

Jacob was forced to flee from his home in order to preserve his life. He never saw Rebekah again.

Rebekah's life began bright and cheerful. She was of a kind disposition and had faith in God. But on the last page of her life there is a great blot. Yet she committed this deceit thinking she was doing the will of God.

She rests with Abraham and Sarah in the cave of Machpelah.

Anna E. Kipe.

JACOB.

Jacob is one of the great Bible characters. His life contains a great lesson for us in the way of reaping as we have sown.

His father and mother were denied the blessing of children for twenty years. Then God saw fit to bless them with boys. The first born was called Esau, and his brother, Jacob, which means supplanter.

So widely different were the ambitions of the two boys, that they spent little time together.

God had revealed to Rebekah that thru Jacob the promise to Abraham should be fulfilled.

Esau liked to hunt. It was his choice occupation, and he was his father's favorite because he ate of his venison. It was his delight to go to the plains to hunt for the gazelle, to hide behind rocks and trees waiting for the ibex, trapping, and shooting others with arrows.

But Jacob stayed near home. This possibly helped him in gaining his mother's good wishes above Esau. In the morning he led the cattle to pasture and brought them safely home at night.

What beautiful lessons he must have learned when he led them to pasture and to water, and in the sun set evening bring the flock all home! What hours for deep meditation as thru the day he watched them graze on the plains near that beloved place, home!

But a great event in the course of time took place. Jacob nor his mother; neither one possibly, thought that they were doing wrong. But they persisted in what they considered helping God's plans to ripen quicker, which resulted in the stealing of Esau's birthright, which was Jacob's desired end.

The event occurred this way. One day Esau came home from hunting, weary and fatigued. The red lintel is a common food in the East. Jacob had made pottage of this for himself. It had a very tempting smell to a hungry man. Therefore, Esau asked Jacob for some.

Altho Jacob must have planned before how he would get the birthright, this was to him an unthoughtof way before. But his mind was alert for a chance, and he accepted the opportunity.

Accordingly he asked Esau for his birthright in exchange for a mess of pottage. Exaggerating in his mind the weariness of his body, Esau said, "I am about to die and what good will this do me." So he sold his birthright, to the satisfaction of Jacob. But he wanted to be sure that Esau would not take back his word. So he made him solemnly swear to it.

Then Jacob gave him bread, the pottage and water, with which he was satisfied. He went his way and thus despised his birthright.

Jacob likely told his mother of the event, but probably Isaac never found it out. At this time he was about twenty years old.

The next great event of Jacob's life, was the deceiving of his father.

Twenty years had passed since the transaction between him and Esau.

Isaac was old and thought he soon would leave this world. So he asked Esau to go and get venison and make for him savory meat, such as he liked.

Because Isaac was old and blind, it afforded a chance for Jacob to complete his scheme.

Rebekah sent him to the flock to bring two good kids of the goats. Jacob did as he was bidden and as soon as possible the savory meat was ready for presentation to his father, Isaac.

To avoid being detected by the touch, his mother put the skins of goats on his hands and neck, and dressed him in Esau's best garments.

Taking the bread and meat, he went in to Isaac saying, "My father." Then he told him to rise and eat of his venison. But as he had come so soon Isaac began to doubt if it was Esau. Jacob said, "The Lord brought it unto me." As his voice was not like Esau's, Isaac wanted to feel him. He did so, and believed, altho it was not Esau's voice.

After eating, Isaac blessed Jacob saying, "The smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed. Therefore, God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth and plenty of corn and wine: let people serve thee and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's son bow down to thee: cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee."

Then Jacob left him, but was scarcely gone when Esau came from hunting.

He also brought savory meat to his father, and told him to eat. Isaac wondered who it was, and upon hearing that this person also was Esau, he said, "Another has come before thee and he is blessed." Now Esau wept with a bitter cry and begged for a blessing also, which he received, however not so great a one as Jacob.

Henceforth, Jacob reaped as he had sown.

Esau hated him, and it became necessary for him to flee to his uncle Laban, a brother of his mother. It was the first time that he had been away from his mother very long.

One night when he laid down to sleep, he had naught but a stone for a pillow to lay his head on. He had a beautiful vision that night. He saw the angels of God ascending and descending on a ladder reaching from earth to heaven. God stood at the top of it speaking to Jacob, and telling that He would be with him and renewing his covenant.

Jacob realized that God was there, and set up the stone, and poured oil upon it.

He named it Bethel which means, "The house of God."

One day he came to a well in the east, and inquired of some men there concerning Laban. They said that Rachel his daughter was coming to water her father's sheep. Jacob rolled away the stone and watered the flocks for her. Rachel ran to tell her father the good news and Laban came to meet him.

Jacob served him seven years for Rachel whom he loved. Then Laban made a feast but gave him Leah. Here he is deceived as he had deceived. So he served him seven years longer for Rachel.

Jacob stayed with Laban a while longer. During this time eleven sons and one daughter were born unto him. After seven years had passed, Laban asked him again what his hire should be. Jacob said he wanted all the spotted cattle. Thru deceit he got the advantage of Laban, and had the most and best cattle.

Jacob left him secretly, and without him knowing it, Rachel stole her father's images.

Laban pursued, and at Gilead overtook Jacob and made a covenant with him, after recovering his idols.

With his rich possessions of menservants, womenservants, and cattle, Jacob journeyed back to Canaan.

Hearing that Esau was coming that way, he sent messengers forth to meet him, and tell him Jacob was coming.

They returned with the report that four hundred men accompanied Esau. This made him afraid, for a sin against his brother, lay at his door.

Then Jacob divided the people, flocks, herds, and camels, into two companies, so that if Esau should smite one company the other could escape.

So he prepared a present to send to Esau. It was composed of two hundred she goats, twenty he goats, two hundred ewes, twenty rams, thirty milch camels with their colts, forty kine, ten bulls, twenty she asses and twenty foals.

Jacob sent them over Jordan with his servants to meet Esau. He also instructed them to appear as strangers and Esau would ask them whose they are.

whither they go and whose those were before them. Jacob said, "Say, they be thy servant Jacob's; it is a present sent unto my lord Esau; and, behold also he is before us."

Then Jacob arose that night and took his two wives, his two womenservants, and his eleven sons and passed over the ford Jabbok. But he stayed on the other side and wrestled with a man all night. When the man saw that he prevailed not against Jacob, he touched the hollow of his thigh. And the angel said, "Let me go for the day breaketh." But Jacob replied, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Then he asked him, "What is thy name?" And Jacob said, "Jacob." Then the angel said, "Let thy name no longer be Jacob, but Israel."

Jacob called the place Penuel, because he saw God face to face. Since then, Israelites eat not of the sinew of the thigh.

And when Jacob came to his family, they saw that he walked lame.

Now when Jacob lifted up his eyes he saw Esau coming afar off. He arranged his family in such a way, that those whom he loved most, would be most protected. This way was placing the handmaids and their children in front, Leah and her children next, and Rachel and Joseph behind.

As Jacob drew near to his brother, he bowed himself seven times to the ground. Esau had forgiven him, and ran to meet him. He embraced him, fell on his neck and kissed him, and went.

When Jacob left home, he had nothing. So it was very natural for Esau on seeing such a host, to wonder from whence it was. Jacob acknowledged God's hand in it and said, "The children which God hath graciously given thy servant."

Esau did not want to take the present Jacob had sent, but he persuaded him to do so.

Then he went his way to Succoth, where he built a house and booths for cattle.

But God wanted him to go back to Bethel. Jacob cleaned his family of

idols before he went. He buried the images under a tree. On the way, at Padanaram, God appeared to Jacob and renewed his covenant of promise with him. When he got to Bethel, he set up a pillar of stone and poured oil upon it.

They journeyed farther and were near Ephrath when Benjamin was born. Here Rachel died.

After traveling some distance farther, he came to Hebron, where Isaac died. The past was all over, and Jacob and Esau like peaceable brothers buried him.

Joseph was the favorite son of Jacob. He made him a coat of many colors which made his brothers very envious.

One day Jacob sent him to see about his brothers, for they had been gone with the flocks a long time. When they saw him coming they began to plan to get him out of the way. At last they decided to sell him to some Midianite merchantmen, who sold him, a slave into Egypt.

The brothers dipped his coat in blood and took it to their father saying they found it. For a long time Jacob knew no better, and having deceived others, he was greatly deceived. Meanwhile in Egypt, Joseph had hard testing times.

Many years later a great famine arose in Canaan and Egypt. It had been revealed to Joseph thru Pharaoh's dream. But Jacob knew it not. Having heard that there was plenty in Egypt, he sent his sons to buy corn. They bought it from Joseph but did not know him, because he had been gone so long. He recognized them, tested them and sent them home without Simeon. Joseph said they would get no more corn, if they didn't bring Benjamin.

When his brothers told their father all that had occurred, he said, "Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me."

But he was compelled to permit him to go along. While they were in Egypt this time, Joseph made himself known to them.

When they got home, what must have been the joy in Jacob's heart to know that Joseph lived!

At once he with his sons and families prepared to move to Egypt. Joseph came to meet him on the way, and they wept together a long time.

Joseph presented his father to the king, and he blessed Pharaoh. Then his obedient son gave him and his children the land of Goshen to dwell in, for it was the richest land.

When Jacob was very old and near death's door, he blessed Joseph's two sons. His eyes were dim and he could not see well. But he laid his right hand on Ephraim's head and his left hand on Manasseh's, altho the former was the younger. And he said unto Joseph, "The Lord bless thee: and I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren."

Then Jacob called all his sons together and blessed them. So ended the life of one great patriarch, at a good old age, and he was gathered to his people.

Mary Stoner.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanks be to God for Thanksgiving. Unto thee O God do we give thanks. We know we are to praise God and thank Him for His goodness to us. We read in *Psa.* 95: 2: "Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms." The Lord wants us to give thanks to Him for He is giving so much to us every day. Christians are indeed to bring thanks to Him. *Psalms* 96: 8 tells us to "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name, bring an offering and come into his courts." The Bible is full of giving thanks. "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people" (*Psa.* 105: 1). We are to praise God and sing unto Him: yes, sing psalms unto Him and glory in His holy name. O! God's mercy is great to His people. Some can hardly wait for the Thanksgiving day to have a good time after

the flesh; but the Christians are not so: they are looking to be fed with the bread from heaven. Praise God for the good things we can have every day: such as prayer, praises, thanks and blessings. There is more yet. In *Jer.* 33: 11 it says: "The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that shall say, praise the Lord of hosts: for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth forever: and of them that shall bring the sacrifice of praise into the house of the Lord, give thanksgiving to our blessed Savior."

Thanksgiving is an act of giving thanks; for expressing our praise and gratitude to God; for His wonderful love to us. O how the true Christian likes to give thanks. Our Lord set the example of thanking God for food before partaking of it. Anna the prophetess gave thanks to God when she saw the Christ, the Savior of mankind; Paul taught the Ephesian church to give thanks always for all things. In the Philippian letter he says, "with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." We shall continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving. In heaven there will be one continual volume of thanksgiving and praise going up to God and the Lamb forever and forever. All blessings both spiritual and temporal come from God and thanksgiving and praise are forever due Him.

I realize more and more the need of thanking and praising God as I am nearing the end of my life. Time is fast passing, and we are going along, as the poet says: "Time is winging us away to our eternal home," ready or not. O! let us be ready when He comes. Praise His name.

Fannie E. Barnes.

Manheim, Pa.

THE THREE FOLD VIEW OF CHRIST.

John 14: 6.

This text is found in what may be called the last discourse or the last heart to heart talk that Jesus had with His disciples before being crucified. Realizing the soon departure of Jesus their hearts are being troubled. He assures them that in His Father's house there are many dwelling places, and that He is preparing a place for them; that upon His return He will receive them unto Himself. What comfort for troubled hearts! It would seem that Christ was astonished at their difficulty in Him leaving them, for He says, "And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know," but skeptical Thomas said unto his Lord "we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way." Then Jesus replies in the language of our text. "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father; but by me." Before considering the three fold division of the text itself shall we notice the

PERSONAL ELEMENT

for herein lies its distinguishing feature and it's chief glory. The center of the Old Testament is Jehovah, the "I am," the one supreme personality; but in the New Testament we have another center, Christ, as the chief personality. As it seemed to the orthodox Jew this new emphasis was an addition to the One God, therefore their extreme bitterness to Christ. And if we look within our own lives we will not blame the Jews so much after all for their bitter hatred to the new Person they are now to adore. Few remember that long-held religious convictions are not easily changed. The center and meaning of this text is Christ Himself. His personality stands between the greatest and the least personality, harmonizing the two extremes. Take from Mohammedanism the per-

sonality of Mohammed, or take from Confucianism the personality of Confucius and these religions are not impaired in the least, but take from Christianity the personality of Christ and you rob it of it's power to mold character—to transform life—to determine the destiny of men and nations. Indeed such a robbery makes Christianity not a superlative but a comparative religion; no better than Buddhism or Hinduism. We think, we act, we live in terms of personality. Our lives are constantly being changed by the mother in the home, "Jonnie don't do this, or that, eat this pie and leave that cake; go to bed early and get up late; that molds character and gives home a beautiful charm but it is the personality of the mother. In the school it is not the books, the desks or the blackboard, that makes the place so valuable, but it is the personality of the teacher. Just as you cannot have a Reformation without a Luther—a Christianization without a Paul—a Declaration of Independence without a Washington—an Emancipation without a Lincoln, so you cannot have a Christianity without the personality of Jesus Christ. It has been said that Buddhism is the religion of a method, Mohammedanism the religion of a book, but Christianity is the religion of a Person. Human leaders have been content to lose sight of themselves—be killed, if thereby their cause could be propagated—it was not themselves that was of supreme importance but their teachings, but not so with Christ: it was not so much His teaching as Himself. He comes before His teaching. Hear His personal claims, "I am the light of the world," "I am the bread of life." "I am the good Shepherd." "I am the door of the sheepfold." "I am the true vine." "I am the resurrection and the Life." So much for the personal element; shall we now notice

CHRIST AS THE WAY?

For every material blessing of life there has been a need out of which it has developed and has been made ours. We needed independence else Washington had never fought for it. The slaves needed emancipation else Lincoln had never sought it for them. We needed railroads else we would not now have them. We needed street cars else we would not now enjoy them. Man needed a way to God else Christ would never have come! Man by nature is an alien to God; he is a rebel against God. Not so much what a man is outwardly before the world but what he is inwardly before God, that necessitates the way. Man's rebellion against God has put himself out of the realm of the Divine. Man has taken his own way and will; instead of the will and way of God; instead of submitting to the claims of Christ he lives for himself, hence man needs a way of approach to God. This is true of all men, whether heathen or civilized. The goal of life is to know God. The cry of every heart is to know God. The Psalmist said, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. O God thou art my God, early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is." Our heart longings can best be expressed in the language of still another, "Thou, O, Eternal, art the thing that I long for. Thou art my hope, even from my mouth." This, you say I am willing to admit, is the condition of the human heart, but how is Christ the way? To show this we will use two passages of Scripture. I Tim. 2: 5: "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." I call attention to the word "Mediator," which means one in the middle, one be-

tween; a go between, a messenger between two parties, a bringing together, a reconciliation of two parties. Christ is our Mediator. The Japanese have a marriage custom very much unlike ours. When a young man wants a bride, he reports the fact to a go-between, who in turn hunts him a wife and thus brings the two together. Tho they may have been entire strangers to each other, yet by the power of this Go-between they are made one, man and wife. Christ is the bridge that enables us to cross the great gulf between humanity and divinity. He is the way to God. The other Scripture is Rom. 5: 1-2: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God thru our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." I call attention to the word "access," which means, to lead towards, to conduct near, to approach—the coming into the presence, receiving recognition and consideration. To get access to President Wilson you must have his private Secretary lead you to his office, conduct you into his presence and make the approach for you. This means, that by virtue of the relation between the secretary and the president, you will receive recognition and consideration in the presence of the Executive. This is how Christ is the way; He leads us to the Father. The relation of Christ to God gives us access to God where we receive the recognition and consideration. Thus we see the import of the last portion of the text. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Shall we now turn and notice

CHRIST AS THE TRUTH?

The word truth as here used does not mean to cover but to uncover, not to conceal but to reveal. It is the state-

ment of a fact about a person. Christ is the full moon of truth. The divine acting in the human is a true representation of God, that is, in the life and actions of Christ we see the "image of the invisible." "No man hath seen God, the only begotten of the Father, He hath declared Him." I believe all that we shall ever know about God we see in the life and work of Christ for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." The attitude of Christ to human need, the sick, the sorrowing, the lame, the halt, the blind and the sin-sick, is the attitude or the expression of the heart of God the Father. As Christ acted, so God felt. Herein is the mystery of the incarnation. Herein is it accommodative. God manifest in human form—living on our plane—in the flesh of which we are flesh; makes it possible for us to understand the Infinite. The missionary in the foreign country knows full well that if he is to bring the heathen a message he must see life, and speak on the plane of the heathen and not on the plane of the civilized man. In some foreign countries we are told they have no animal equivalent to our sheep; the nearest is an elephant. Therefore the sentence "The Lord is my shepherd" is meaningless to them, but if you put it the Lord is my elephant—then they have the thought you wish to convey; for this they understand.

Not only is Christ the truth about God but He is also the truth about man. It is wonderful how that in Christ we discover ourselves. In Him we find all the truth about ourselves. In the light of His presence we see our selfishness, our imperfections, our short-comings, we see what we are not and what we ought to be, we see our sin. Sitting in the light of Christ, measuring our lives by His for the first time do we realize ourselves, that our lives are full

of misery, full of flaws, full of shame and loathsomeness. Herein we see why Saul, the proud, earnest, morally righteous Pharisee fell to the earth as the light of heaven shone upon him. For once he saw himself as he really was. The humiliation was such that it remained with him thruout his life. Job, the perfect and upright man; he who thru all the trials and afflictions that the devil brought upon him maintained his integrity, and honor for God; when he the example of patience for all time came face to face with God. when the light of heaven shone upon him cried "I abhor myself (literally) I loathe myself and repent in dust and ashes." Man at his best in the light of Christ feels the worst. Isaiah, when the idol of his heart had died and he saw the "King the Lord of hosts" cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips." If you would see your outward spots and defects look into the Mirror; if you would see your inward spots and defects look into the face of Jesus Christ.

Shall we now turn and see

CHRIST AS THE LIFE?

Wherever Christ entered death departed. His presence meant giving life to the dead. Christ never attended a funeral. The only funeral Christ ever met, that we have any record of, He broke up and sent the young man home with his mother; alive. When Christ was in the room with a dead child—when He stood before the open grave, death could not hold its victims but flew away and life came back. That quality which we call life; of which men know so little, and of which they tell us so much in language which we cannot understand is here defined. It matters not whether the life is natural or spiritual for the source is the same.

We cannot have life without a great first cause. Christ is that first cause. "By him were all things created." "He is before all things and by Him all things consist" He "upholdeth all things by the word of His power." Because of Him our corn, wheat and vegetables grow. Because of Him we live, we eat and drink; thus sustaining life. You remember the man in the land of Gadara that lived in the tombs, who came out to meet Jesus. You remember how he had been bound with chains and fetters, and broke them, how he cried day and night, how in his agony he cut himself on the rocks, that he was wounded, naked, ostracized, lonely, because he was demon-possessed. Gipsy Smith suggests to us that "This is a photograph, a full length photograph, taken by God's camera in all its ugly detail, in all its mass of misery of what the devil would do with you and me but for the hand that keeps him back." Christ the life turns chaos into order—misery into consolation—sorrow into joy—bondage into freedom—death into life. And why? because Christ is that "life and the light of men." Because he that possesseth Christ possesseth life. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." After Lazarus had died and Jesus had come to the place Martha met Him and said, "Lord if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God He will give it thee." Jesus anxious as He always is to console the troubled heart, replies, "Thy brother shall rise again." Yes, says Martha, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day," but Jesus, drawing her mind from a creed and centering it upon a person said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, tho he were

dead, yet shall he live." Herein Jesus not only teaches us that He has power to raise the dead but that He Himself is that power. Christ is the Resurrection. Christ is the Life.

"Thou art the Life!

All ways without Thee paths that end in death;

All life without Thee with death harvest ripe;

All truths dry bones, disjoined, and void of breath:

..Thou art The Life!"

Now shall we turn and read the text again. Christ is the way to God. Christ is the truth of God. Christ is the life of God. May we make Him our Christ.

Levi P. Cassel.

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

LENGTHENING OF THE SHADOWS.

As I sit at my window and look eastward, the Blue Ridge mountains loom up before me in all their beauty and sublimity. The trees of the forest are casting their long shadows, and the sun is fast sinking behind the western horizon; reminding me of the evening shadows of life—of the setting of life's sun, and the passing over to that land, where "they need not the light of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of the stars; but the Lamb that is in the midst of the eternal city, shall be the light of that better and heavenly country."

It is a great consolation to me, in the midst of the afflictions of life, to look down thru the vista of time, and by faith in the promises of God, view the land that is afar off, and where "it will always be day." To me, the shadows of life are growing longer, and the evening of life is drawing nearer, when I shall have to pass over to that unseen land, from which no one has ever come back, to give me any knowledge of the

employments of its many inhabitants.

Well, as I watch the lengthening shadows, I am looking towards that land as a certain possession, to all the people of God, when life's toils are all over. Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

To me there is no uncertainty about this land. It has a more abiding reality than any of these lands upon which my eyes have gazed. This land beyond the river—this land of immortality—this home of the soul—this land of unspotted purity, is a certain possession to all God's redeemed children.

This knowledge comes to me thru the blessed Gospel of Christ and should never be shadowed by any cloud of doubt. There are many things in this world I may not be certain about, but I can be certain of that "land over there," because God has confirmed it with an oath. And as the shadows lengthen, faith shines brighter, and hope, which is the anchor of the soul, penetrates within the veil, and presents to my vision the glory and brightness of the place prepared for the people of God.

My work will soon be done. The best of my work has been very imperfect. But it is done and I shall be judged in the final day, according to my works. But in "the land over there," with a better knowledge of God's divine will, I shall work untrammelled by any earthly impediments, and that which is imperfect shall be done away.

While therefore, it is perfectly proper for man to look after his temporal interests, he should not forget to look well to his spiritual interests. What is this life compared to eternity? But

an inch of time is left us; and then the years of eternity roll on.

Let us remember, that the highest specimen of manhood is the Christian—he who is on a pilgrimage. He has no abiding place—he is seeking a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

If one lives right, he will not be afraid when he is called upon to walk thru the "Valley of the shadow of death," but will go down to his grave, "like one who lies down to pleasant dreams."

To him, who like the great apostle Paul, who has "fought the fight, and kept the faith and finished the course" death is but a departure from a world of sorrow and darkness, to a world of light and immortality.

W. H. Engler.

Waynesboro, Pa.

Sound reason requires that we should not only reject those who do or teach anything wrong, but that by every means, and before his own life, the lover of truth ought, even if threatened with death, to choose to speak and do what is right. For it is our maxim that we can suffer harm from none, unless we be convicted as doers of evil, or proved to be wicked: you may indeed slay us, but hurt us you cannot.—*Justin*.

The man who loves God's law is not offended if he has to stand alone. To some persons it is impossible to traverse a lonesome way, but he that truly loves God's law resolves that if all men forsake him he will cleave to the Lord and His truth. Can you not stand alone? Does solitude offend you? As for me, I am resolved not to follow a multitude to do evil. I will keep to the old faith, and the old way, if I never find a comrade between here and the celestial gates. Paul was not offended, tho at his first answer no man stood by him.—*Spurgeon*.

News of Church Activity

IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Mary Heisey Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Lewis Steckley, Elizabeth Engle, Sallie Doner, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

H. J. and Emma Frey, Hannah Baker, Cora Alvis, A. C. Winger, Sadie Book, Mtshabezi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 5263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

India.

Eld. and Sr. H. L. Smith, and Effie Rohrer, Bangaon Bariahi P. O., North Bhagalpur, B. & N. W. Railway, India.

Following not under Foreign Mission Board.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona, District, Ramabai Home, India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos Guatemala, Central America.

Furlough—Myron and Adda Taylor, Jesse R. and Malinda Eyser, and Frances Davidson.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Buffalo Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Eld. T. S. Doner and wife.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halstead St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro B. L. Brubaker and Sr. Nancy Shirik.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1171 14th., St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.

Jatbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. 3. box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland St., in charge of Sr. Lizzie Winger and workers.

Dayton Mission, 601 Taylor St., in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.

PHILADELPHIA LETTERS.

"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted" (Jam. 1: 9). "Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" But they have despised the poor, the rich have oppressed them: but why should we be discouraged? We should wait patiently upon God and not think because we are needy and neglected by man, that we are forgotten by the Lord. Job 36: 15: "He delivereth the poor in his affliction and openeth their ears in oppression. Don't think because we have waited so long that we will always be forgotten. Isaiah 49: 15: "Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." We may have expected help from man and may have been disappointed but if we trust in the living God we will not be disappointed. Bless His dear name. Jesus who had not where to lay His head, He sees us and He bears a part in all our griefs, the Psalmist says, for He shall deliver the needy when he cryeth, the poor also and him that has no helper. Worldly wealth soon withers and worldly friends die with it, but we are exalted to be heirs to an inheritance that cannot fade, our troubles will soon have an end, deliverance will shortly come. Psal. 113: 7-8: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes even the princes of his people." Well praise His name, the Lord has good things in store for us especially when we see precious souls born into the kingdom, this makes us to rejoice, this is what God saves us for, to serve Him—to bring in the sheaves—and He is no respecter of

persons, Jesus shed His blood for all men and He said we should not lay up our treasures upon earth, but in heaven: for where our treasures are there our heart is. O that God might open our eyes! My heart aches, my soul is burdened, when I look at conditions and see how little the professed people of God care for the salvation of precious souls. Yet, when you hear some of them talk you would think they would give their life. Remember, it is not all in good talk; nor in long prayers; but it is in deed and in truth. I am glad God opened my eyes, that I can see the awful hypocrisy.

We are having good meetings at the mission, souls are being saved—**really saved**—praise His name, standing and waiting to be furthered on in the battle of the Lord.

We have a lot of Italian people who have come out on the Lord's side, five of them are fully saved. There are about eighteen of them in all that have come out of Romanism, the five that are fully saved testify openly for the Lord and the other twelve or thirteen are in need of instruction and acknowledge it and we must show love and win them one by one. I myself have worked among these people for two years, it's an Italian district called "Young Italy." Some of these dear brethren have lost their boarding house and some their position for having accepted the Lord in their hearts. Truly they mean it. The priest came to one of them and tried to take away his testament from him but he would not give it up. The priest then told him he was no good and would go to hell, but the brother told him he had accepted the Lord Jesus in his heart and was now in the good way. He said, "I do not do the bad things any more that I once did, and I am now praying to the Lord and not to the priest." This brother can talk some

English and can interpret to his other brethren. The Lord knows them that are His. Bless His name.

We have a special meeting on Monday night for the young sisters only. Sister Edith Pearson is their teacher. On Wednesday night we have a special meeting for the Italian brethren. They told me they do not want any of the sisters in their meetings, for they are studying the New Testament in their own language. I got them Italian hymn books and Testaments. Many of the hymns that are in our books are in theirs.

Readers of the Visitor if you have any old clothes to spare for the Philadelphia Mission, remember us. We need them as much as ever.

From your brother in the battle of the Lord,

Peter Stover.

3423 N. 2nd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR:—

I greet you all in the precious name of Jesus, the One who has promised never to leave nor forsake us. Praise His precious name, forever. Glad I can say He has proven a true friend to me, and my earnest desire is to be true to Him. Dear ones, if ever there was a time we needed to know where we stand it is in these days. There was a time in my life that I went here and there, but I found out the only way to be satisfied is to get the Christ enthroned, and now I have all that I need to satisfy. I can truly say with the poet,
*"I am satisfied with Jesus here,
 He is every thing to me,
 His dying love has won my heart,
 And now He sets me free."*

(How I do praise God that He has also given me a desire to labor for Him; I can truly say His service has become a love service to me.

Truly the harvest is great but the laborers are few. There is a great work to be done here at the Philadelphia Mission, but so few are willing to go out into the highways and byways, but I praise God, there are a few who are willing to go and tell the sweet story of love, and I am happy to tell you their labors are crowned with success. Precious souls are being saved and brought out into the glorious light of the Gospel. I am so glad for some dear young girls that came out on the Lord's side while our Bro. Joseph Smith was laboring so faithfully with us. I am sure he proved a great blessing to the Mission. My prayer is that God may use him in bringing many more precious souls to Christ.

I am also glad to tell you that God is working in a wonderful way among our Italian brethren. Bro. Stover has been led to hold street meetings in the Italian settlement. It is wonderful how anxious they seem to be to hear the true gospel. The first meetings we had, one young Italian brother held up his hand for prayer and God has gloriously saved him. It is blessed to hear him testify now that the Lord has come into his heart, and how He is keeping him from sin. He says whenever the enemy tempts him he asks the Lord to help him.

Now, since the Lord has saved him He also has put the burden on his heart for his own people. He has started to attend the meetings at the mission regularly, and now he has quite a number of his young companions and older ones coming with him. Quite a number of them have also accepted Christ. While we were standing on the street, singing, another Italian brother and his wife came along and heard us. He said these must be his brethren so he stopped and when the young brother that had just been saved was thru testifying to his people in his own language, he stepped out and said he also was one of

them. He said he was saved and sanctified, so he also spake to his people in their own language. It seems God has sent this man there to lead his people right out in the liberty of Christ.

Bro. Stover is going to give him Wednesday night in the mission to bring his people in and to teach them the word. I ask you dear brethren and sisters, to pray earnestly for these people, that God may save many more. I am so glad to see that God is blessing the work at the Mission and am looking forward to the time that we can have many of our dear brethren and sisters come and have sweet fellowship together.

I feel impressed to ask the dear ones not to forget the poor and needy; while I go around quite a good bit myself my heart is touched to see how poor some are. I go around begging myself some times to the neighbors, and sometimes I send my daughter to get a few things to give to the poor. One day I took stale buns, that some lady gave me, to a family. I wish you could have seen the children: they started right in to eat them. Dear mothers, just think, if it were our children that were crying for bread. This same mother has told me she felt like going in a room with her children and turn on the gas. I am sure God will bless the least effort we put forth in relieving the suffering. I do desire your prayers that God may keep me faithful until He comes.

Mrs. Elia Ebersole.

3415 N. 2nd St.

Let me praise God for having turned me from a life of woe to the enjoyment of peace and hope. The work is real. I can no more doubt it than I can doubt my existence; the whole current of my desires is altered—I am walking quite another way. I had a most blessed view of God and divine things; O how great is His excellency!—*Henry Martyn*.

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GRANTHAM, PA., NOVEMBER 30, 1914.

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A LETTER FROM INDIA.

[The following letter was written to D. E. Rohrer, student at the Messiah Bible School.]

Bangaon, Bariahi P. O.
Sept. 6, 1914.

Dear Brother:—

May the peace of God attend your way continually. I praise God this P. M. for His sweet abiding peace, for the determination He gives me to go thru with Him, and for His continual presence. Praise His name. He says in Isaiah, When thou passeth thru the waters, I will be with thee; and thru the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest thru the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. Truly a glorious promise, but this is not the only one, there are so many I can not mention them all, but especially Psa. 46: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, tho the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: tho the waters thereof roar and be troubled, tho the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in fire. Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

Praise God for the refuge in Him. O to have no Christ, no Savior, how dark, how dark this world would be. Can you at once imagine the darkness, sin and superstition of this people. Some

time ago we purchased a small goat for the meat. We gave orders to our teacher to tell one of the servants to kill and prepare it. O he says I will not do that, as I would not take upon me the responsibility of life. He was afraid he might kill one of his ancestors. Altho he bought some of the meat and helped to eat it. When the gardner went to kill the goat he first came to Sr. Smith and myself and asked if there was any special sacred place where we wanted the goat killed.

One Sunday eve the teacher was waiting while a letter was being written for him to take along. The letter was sealed the quick American way, by moistening the paste with saliva, forgetting that according to Hindu custom and religion, the bearer would be defiled and would have to take a bath or wash his face and hands. So he first picked up another piece of paper, and scooped the letter onto it, in this way he carried it so he need not take a bath.

At present I am spending the time alone, as Bro. and Sr. Smith left yesterday for Madhubani, to see Mr. King, a subdivisional officer, who has invited them to come to see him to talk about mission work. They expect to get back tomorrow. Last eve I was taken suddenly sick with severe pain in my head and vomiting while sitting out in the yard. I have been having a bad cold with a temperature of one hundred to one hundred and three-fifth degrees, but felt some better so encouraged Sr. Smith to go along. As soon as the Bearer heard me he came and fanned me as I was very warm and strength exhausted from vomiting. I went to bed without any dinner and committed myself to the One whose eyes never sleep nor slumber. Today I am feeling much better. Most of my time was spent in bed today, with the exception of the little time I am taking to write this letter.

While there my heart was lifted to God in praise and gratitude for a comfortable place to lie down. Many of the people here can not afford beds so only have a straw mat to lie upon on the floor.

Last Friday a week ago, Bro. and Sr. Smith and myself left Sour in a shampony to investigate new fields. We rode eight miles thru the rain, forded a river and went thru much water on the road. When we arrived there it was still raining, so Sr. Smith and myself remained in a long hut and frequently moved our chairs so as to escape water drops that were coming down thru the roof. The shampony was pulled in under the same roof for shelter. Before we left we were given some milk to drink. The people are mostly of the cow herding cast. Good place for an out station when our work enlarges.

The other week we were visited by a missionary from near Sepal. During his stay here there were two meetings held on our compound. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred people were present to hear the message from God's word, given by Bro. Anderson. They all listened with much interest.

Many are the sick that come to our door for aid, chopped off fingers, cut feet, broken arm, diseases of all kinds. To some we must say, become a Christian, give your heart to Jesus and let Him heal you. There is no other perfect remedy.

Last Saturday was the beginning of the Hindi New Year.

The toads live in our house, and feel quite at home, we don't try to keep them out as they catch small insects and also the snakes feed upon them so we are not in such great danger with them around. The white ants work very badly in our mud floors under the few grass

mats that we have lying around. Necessary for them to be taken out and the floor swept every morning.

Lovingly your sister,
M. Effie Rohrer.

FROM ADRA, INDIA.

Adra, B. N. R., India, Sept. 18, 1914.

To those interested in the spread of the Gospel of God.

Dear ones in Christ:—

"He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

We praise the Lord for His goodness manifested to us in so many different ways. It is twenty years this month that the writer decided to take this self-denial way, and trust the Lord alone for the provision of all our needs. There have been times of testing, but we are thankful for the victory that He gives today. How long will we continue in this way? Just as long as He shows us no other. This present time is a new test because of the awful war that exists in Europe. It has affected us in two ways so far. Our mail has been hindered to a certain extent, and the prices of imported goods have advanced. We are glad for the present spirit of loyalty and patriotism that exists, for it allays many fears of what might be. We are not at the end of the conflict, but the Lord's message, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and again "see that ye be not troubled" (Matt. 24: 6) has been very comforting. We believe these are loud tokens of His near coming, and believe we should "Look up, and lift up (our) heads; for (our) redemption draweth nigh." And, too, we pray that the dove of peace may again soon settle down upon that area of strife.

At this writing, the last of our number taking vacation to the hills, are about to return to the work again, much benefited and ready for the battle. Sister Landis was taken with that dread disease, typhoid fever, but is slowly recovering. Otherwise the general health of the missionaries is quite good.

We are now nearing the cool season when we will be busy in our touring work. We

are looking forward with expectations of a good time preaching to the people in the villages. During this summer since our last writing one more precious soul has been rescued. Those who understand the work in these parts know how difficult it is to get these people to understand their duty to God and the foolishness of their idolatry. Recently in the villages we have had some to confess with tears that God was with us, but they have not accepted the truth sufficiently to make the break. One, only one, but even one is of great value in the sight of the Lord and that one may be the means of rescuing others, who knows? We count success by numbers, but the Lord counts success by the faithfulness of His workers. Our hearts are often sad because we seem to see so few turn to the Lord, but the Lord says, "One soweth, and another reapeth," (see Jno. 4: 36, 37) and again we are assured "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed *shall doubtless* come again bringing his sheaves with him." So we have reasons to be encouraged, and we plead again, as we have said often, pray for us earnestly that God would grant us the desire of our hearts in the salvation of the people. We are glad to note the appreciation of these open letters and pray they may find others that are interested in the Lord's work in India. Isa. 61: 10, 11.

Yours in Him,

D. W. Zook.

I concluded, one or two days, that my death was near. I had no joys, nor any fear of death, or reluctance to die; but never was I so sensibly convicted of the value of an atoning Savior as then. I could only say, "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee," and adopt the language of Psa. 51: 1, 2, which I desired might be the text for my funeral sermon. A life of faith in Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, appeared more than ordinarily important to my mind; and I expressed these feelings to those around me, with freedom and pleasure.—*Wm. Carey*.

Think not that you may rest in comfort, while others are in distress.—*J. R.*

SELECTED.

WHAT IS WAR?

During the past few weeks, in the news of encounters in the mighty struggle now going on between the group of Great powers in Europe, we have read of "brilliant assaults," of "turning movements," of "advances," of "retreats," of "brave and successful resistance;" but have seen only the merest hint of what every war correspondent knows has taken place: of shells bursting in some poor woman's home, killing the mother and leaving children doubly orphaned—their father at the front, knowing nothing of their fate, the neighbors too terrified and too occupied with their own troubles to note what is going on in other houses.

Or the child of a Belgian mother is killed, and in frenzy the mother seizes an axe and splits open the head of one of the invading soldiers. But such an act is contrary to the "rules" of warfare, so the mother is killed by one of the infuriated invaders, and the village perhaps burned, to show that soldiers only are allowed to fight.

A weary mother kept awake all night by the booming of guns, any one of which may mean death to her husband or son, is nursing her babe. A cannon ball passes thru the house and with it the life of one is taken and the other left.

A village is to be taken. Its inhabitants have put up a desperate resistance, but their water supply comes from a well just on the edge of the town. A machine gun is installed. With one man to work it and another to feed, it is guaranteed to shoot accurately from a distance of two miles five hundred shots per minute. One man after another approaches the well with a bucket, and is mowed down.

"Why this is easy," say the two experts who are working the gun, and so the village is "reduced."

A regiment is sent against a fortified position. The officers force the men on at double-quick. This is in their own interest because the shorter the time of traverse the less they are exposed to the enemy's fire. A little undergrowth is just ahead of them, of plants and bushes. They can easily see and be seen over it, but it is high enough to conceal some low posts, and from these posts in every direction are stretched barbed wires making an entanglement. The men are hurrying, they do not see it until too late; those in advance stumble and fall, cutting face, hands and neck: others stumble over them. The men in the forts laugh gleefully. They have been waiting for this and have carefully calculated the range beforehand. The men in front cannot advance on account of the wire. They cannot retreat because of those continually coming up from behind. And now the machine guns aimed at just this point mow down the attacking force by hundreds, and at last the men retreat, leaving their dead and wounded lying limp across the wires.

This is war!

Have you ever seen an apple tree covered with thousands and tens of thousands of caterpillars? Have you seen that tree sprayed with *arsenate of lead*, and the next day noted the ground beneath it covered with corpses? It is in just such deadly and thorough fashion that modern warfare is conducted. Read any treatise on "strategy" you will find that in certain cases a commander has to ensure that the ground be "cleared" of opposing troops. This is done with a spray of lead as deadly and every whit as searching as the spray of lead upon the caterpillars. When skillfully done the commander can move forward

his own forces with the certainty that for a time, at least, no living thing can oppose his passage.

And this is war—tho only a part of it.
"Towns without people, ten times took,

*An' ten times left an' burned at last;
 An' starvin' dogs that come to look*

*For owners when a column passed;
 An' quiet, 'omesick talks between*

*Men, met by night, you never knew
 Until—'is face—by sellfire seen—
 Once—an' struck off. They taught me
 too."*

*"The Return." Rudyard Kipling.
 H. B. H. in The Armory.*

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

"My peace I give unto you." Two thousand years ago a Man said these words. He went about doing good. He healed the sick. He opened blind eyes and unstopped deaf ears. The sorrow and distress of the sufferer were His sorrow and distress. He said nothing about maintaining His rights or making a name for Himself. Not a man was sacrificed that He might have power. He said, "Put up the sword. They that use the sword shall perish with the sword." His birth was announced by angels singing "Peace on earth, good will to men."

He was persecuted, despised and afflicted yet he never thought of taking revenge. Among the sons of men, not one was so gracious, so full of tender compassion, so great except, indeed, the Messiah. He was the Son of God and the Son of Man. No thought of self-defense prompted Him to strike a blow. They came out against Him with swords and staves, but He wrestled in the agony of prayer for the reign of peace.

He was tried and condemned. His enemies hurried Him to the Cross, cry-

ing, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." He lifted that matchless prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The price of peace was the sacrifice of the Lamb of God.

Jesus Christ is the Greatest Ruler today. His influence is more powerful than that of any other man. He gets more out of men than any other commander. The thief, the philosopher, the poet, the teacher, the friendless, the rich, the poor, the small, and the great who have been obedient to Him have become strong, useful men and women. For Him, they have overcome seemingly unsurmountable difficulties. They have discovered continents, reared empires, built nations, subdued almost implacable enemies.—Z. I. Davis, in *Wesleyan Methodist*.

SILENCE.

This is the only way to know God "Be still and know that I am God." "God is in His Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

A score of years ago, a friend placed in my hand a little book which became one of the turning points of my life. It was called "True Peace." It was an old mediæval message, and it had but one thought, and it was this—that God was waiting in the depths of my being to talk to me if I would only get still enough to hear His voice.

I thought this would be a very easy matter and so I began to get still. But I had no sooner commenced that a perfect pandemonium of voices reached my ears, a thousand clamoring notes from without and within, until I could hear nothing but their noise and din. Some of them were my own voice, some of them were my own questions, some of them were my own cares, some of them were my very prayers. Others were

the suggestions of the tempter and the voices of the world's turmoil. Never before did there seem so many things to be done, to be said, to be thought; and in every direction I was pushed, and pulled, and greeted with noisy acclamations of unspeakable unrest. It seemed necessary for me to listen to some of them, and to answer some of them; but God said, "Be still and know that I am God." Then came the conflict of that for the morrow, and its duties and cares; but God said, "Be still." And as I listened and slowly learned to obey, and shut my ears to every sound, I found after a while that when the other voices ceased or I ceased to hear them, there was a still small voice in the depths of my being that began to speak with an inexpressible tenderness, power and comfort. As I listened, it became to me the voice of prayer, and the voice of wisdom, and the voice of duty, and I did not need to think so hard, or pray so hard, or trust so hard, but that "still small voice" of the Holy Spirit in my heart was God's answer to all my questions, was God's life and strength for soul and body, and became the substance of all knowledge, and all prayer, and all blessing; for it was the Living God Himself as my life and my all.

This is our spirit's deepest need. It is thus that we learn to know God; it is thus that we receive spiritual refreshment and nutriment; it is thus that our heart is nourished and fed; it is thus that we receive the Living Bread; it is thus that our very bodies are healed, and our spirit drinks in the life of our risen Lord, and we go forth to life's conflicts and duties like the flower that has drunk in, thru the shades of night, the cool and crystal drops of dew. But, as the dew never falls on a stormy night, so the dew of His grace never comes to the restless soul.

We cannot go thru life strong and fresh on constant express trains; but we must have quiet hours, secret places of the Most High, times of waiting upon the Lord, when we renew our strength and learn to mount up on wings as eagles, and then come back to run and not be weary, and to walk and not faint.
—*Martin Hope Sutton, in Good Lines.*

A BEAUTIFUL INTERPRETATION

The aged "disciple whom Jesus loved" declared the beautiful secret of Christian love when he said: "We love Him because He first loved us."

God loved us. We came to a knowledge and consciousness of His love. Our awakened hearts, touched with the wonder and sweetness of His love, responded to it with answering human love. He loved us and we "loved back."

In an incident related in *The Lutheran Observer* we see, thru the transparent soul of a dear little girl, a luminous interpretation of the old apostle's saying, which sounds it to its depths. The child was busy playing with her doll, while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said:

"I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling," and she clasped her tenderly. "I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote? You and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, mamma; but I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back."

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is one way, mamma; but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first one and best?"

"Why mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes were very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back; that's why I love you so."

Ah, yes! Our Father loved us when we were yet alienated sinners, when we did not "love back." Now that we know it, believe it, realize it, we are constrained to "love back." Human love answers to love divine.

This is the good news that the unloving world needs to hear: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The little girl got tired of loving the unresponsive dolly. There is the limitation of human love. Infinitely pathetic is the thought of our Heavenly Father's patient love of those who ignore, repudiate, reject Him. Does He ever "get tired of loving" the ungrateful, unresponsive sinner? O the wonderful, fathomless, immeasurable love of God! —*Sel.*

IS GOD HERE?

A young man had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago had he become victor, when the glaring evil was set before him by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word

"God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year old daughter, as, laying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "Why?"

"'Cause I thought He was when I heard you speak to Him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face, and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly:

"Call again, papa, and I dess He'll surely come."

O, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wonderful child up in his arms he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for past offenses, and guidance for all his future life, thanking Him in fervent spirit that He had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "a little child shall lead them."—*Pacific.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its mother.

1. First give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving Him His own. Not to do it, is robbing God.

2. Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from men. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child.

3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.

4. Give no needless commands, but when you command, require prompt obedience.

5. Never indulge a child in cruelty even to an insect.

6. Cultivate a sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.

7. Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction. Hear its story first and fully.

8. Never allow your child to whine or fret, or bear grudges.

9. Early inculcate frankness, candor, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and self-denial.

10. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

11. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dullness, neither inspire it with self-deceit.

12. Pray for and with your child, often and heartily, in your closet.—*S. L.*

FOR THE BOYS' SAKE.

A Sunday school superintendent made the following confession at a country Sunday School convention:

"I used to smoke. It was a pleasure that I thought did not harm me or anyone else, and I believed I had a right to the enjoyment. Then one day I stopped. Here is the reason:

"A widowed woman, the mother of two lively boys in my school, hurried into my store one morning, walking straight up to me and handing me a handful of cigarets. I stared and she exclaimed: 'They dropped out of Joe's and Billy's pockets a little while ago, while I was mending their clothes. When I asked what cigarets in their pockets meant, they both owned up to liking cigarets, and smoking them whenever they got a chance. I talked to them about the hurt it would do them, and what do you think they said? They told me

they didn't mean to keep on with cigarets always. As soon as they grew bigger, and could earn money, and afford it, they would change from cigarets to cigars.' "And cigars are all right," said my boys. "Good men smoke cigars—lots of them. Why, ma, Mr. Wilson, our superintendent, smokes cigars and Mr. Wilson's a good man, ain't he?"

"Mr. Wilson,' went on the mother, 'I'm doing my best trying to train my two fatherless boys to be good men, and you've helped me many a time by the good teaching you've given them as their superintendent. They trust you and admire you, and they think that it's all right for them to smoke if a good man like you smokes. Now, I don't want my boys to smoke cigarets; but when I talk that way to them they point to your smoking, as if that settled the matter. I don't know what to say or to do; but it seemed best to come over and tell you plainly how it was. I feel sure you want to help, and not to hinder every boy in your school, and I believe you would be willing to teach them by good works.'

"Well, I was wanting a smoke at that minute; but the thought of the mother trying to grow two boys into good men, and being hindered by any habit of mine, settled the thing. The cigar box that stood handy went into the stove. 'Tell Joe and Billy,' I said 'that Mr. Wilson has quit smoking.' And quit smoking I did. Since that day no boy has been able to point to my example as his excuse for smoking cigarets or anything else."—*Sunday School Times.*

The needy are at our very door; have you done your part in helping them by sacrificing yourself, your money, your time, your talent, of the very things *you* need?—*J. R.*

LOVE'S LESSON.

"Confess Your Faults."

One Sunday evening, in New York City, the Lord said to me, "Go down to Brother Rutænber's meeting." I had never met this company of young people, except when I had been invited to speak to them. God had a ministry for me, but not according to my "tho'ts" (Isa. 55: 8).

The young woman who led the meeting gave a sweet, simple message; and at the close said: "While I have been speaking the Lord has been talking to you. Come up to the front, kneel down and confess what He has been showing you."

We had a delicious supper that night, and I had eaten too much. The Lord had been talking to me about it, and when she had concluded her invitation, He said to me, "Go up to the front." But I did not wish to humble myself before this room full of young people to whom I had given so many messages, and I hesitated. No one moved. The sister repeated her invitation with emphasis. Again the Lord said, "Go." I obeyed and they gathered about me lovingly.

"Now, tell it out," said the leader, and the Lord said, "Tell it out." But I did not want to be the first to confess. There was a dead silence. Again He said, "Tell it out," and I confessed aloud to Him that I had eaten too much supper.

The leader of the meeting burst into tears and said, "Lord, Thou knowest how conscious I was of lack of power while speaking because I had eaten too much supper."

Then the young pastor of the little flock cried out, "Father, I understand now why I suffer so much from dyspepsia. I eat too much." Other con-

fessions followed. We rose and took our seats, melted and refreshed.

Some time after this I was sitting in my room, at my place of entertainment, during a convention held in Scranton, Pa., when the Lord said, "Go over to the testimony meeting."

I never attended these meetings except by divine direction, as I needed some time for my writing. I went joyfully, thinking there would be some striking experience that I should need for "The Illustrator." But the testimonies were very ordinary.

I sat on the platform with W. P. Ray and F. K. Hawley. An aged lady, with a sweet, spiritual face, that looked out from a brown Dunkard bonnet, arose and said: "Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset, and run with patience the race that is set before you" (Heb. 12: 1).

That was all she said, but her eyes were fastened tenderly, yet reprovingly, on my face while she spoke. I said, "Lord, have I any weight?"

I fully expected Him to say, "No, My child." But He replied, "You say your bonnet is heavy."

Yes, I had uttered the complaint often. The bonnet had been made by a friend who was with me when I bought the frame and the black silk and velvet. she said, "Now you need some trimming. Let us go and look at the jets."

I dissented. She insisted. We went. I explained that they were heavy and I did not enjoy them. But her persistence prevailed, and we came away with a \$3 jet; one of the smallest, cheapest and lightest, which was to cover the crown. She was delighted, but the weight of it proved a trial to me.

Sitting in the meeting while the testimonies continued, I said, "Lord, I will take the jet off as soon as I return home." He replied, "Do it now."

"What, before this company of people?"
 "Yes, before them all."

Then followed a most unusual silence. No one spoke or sang or prayed. They did not know it, but the Spirit was holding them in quietness as a proof to me that God was speaking.

I arose and confessed my fault, and asked Brother Ray for a knife, but Brother Hawley was quicker to hand me his. I stood at the desk and ripped off the "weight." Ladies handed me pins to fasten back the trimming, while the audience wept and laughed and shouted because of the humble obedience.

This company of people had recently withdrawn from the Alliance. It pleased the Lord to use me to reunite them, much to Brother Simpson's delight, when he heard of it. A blessing is always waiting for us when there comes a call to confession. Dan. 9: 20-23.

Years after this, at a convention, held in a Home, a young lady was taken suddenly ill with quinsy. Her pastor, and one of the lady members of his assembly, prayed with her but the suffering did not abate, so she sent for me. Kneeling by her bedside I had no prayer. But I repeated this text, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed" (James 5: 16). Then I went out. It proved to be a word straight from God. When it came to the ears of the pastor and his parishioner, they confessed to each other with tears that there had been lack they had not been walking "in the light." (I John 1: 7). They prayed for the young girl again, and she was quickly delivered.

The word fault in connection with confession is *paraptoma*, a slide slip; a lapse or deviation; an unintentional error. Any child of God not yet come to maturity, is liable to be "overtaken in a fault," even when living "holy and

without blame before Him in love" (Gal. 6: 1; Eph. 1: 4).

I remember hearing Margaret Bottoms tell how in the early years of her life, as the wife of an itinerant minister, she was putting down a carpet one day, when her baby girl, two years old, begged to help her. She gave the child the saucer of tacks to hold, and the little one was happy. Presently the saucer and tacks fell to the floor; the child realized that her mother, through having to stop and pick them up was being hindered, burst into tears and said, "Me wanted to help." The mother took her baby in her arms, kissed her and assured her that she really was helping her; and the child was comforted.

"She did help me better than she knew," Margaret said, as she told us of the new vision she had that hour of the divine love and tenderness. She saw how in her eagerness to serve the Lord she often had spilled the tacks, but His patience and love had been so perfect that at the time she had not even known that her labor had been faulty. Sitting there with the little one in her arms she was given a clear knowledge of the difference between "blameless" and "faultless."

We are to live "blameless" now. (Luke 1: 6; Phil. 2: 15). He will present us "faultless" when He comes. (Jude 24 Rev. 14: 5).—*Sel.*

PURE SPEECH A TREASURE.

"I'm awful glad I met you," said one man to another, as they were taking leave of each other. As we meditated upon that word "awful" this thought passed through our minds: That man probably did not mean what he said, but why did he not choose words which actually expressed his meaning?

This reminds us of many other things which, consciously or unconsciously, creep into our speech to corrupt it or to rob it of its beauty and its treasure. The use of "bywords" means not only to be guilty of idle words for which Christ says we must give account in the day of judgment, but the practice is decidedly vulgar. Under the name of "jokes" the most outlandish lies are often told. Then did you ever catch yourself in telling the untruth through exaggeration? as, for instance, when you told of the time when you laughed till you nearly died, etc. The rehearsing of stale yarns and other vulgar talk, silly nonsense which keeps the tongue clattering without thought or subject, are some more things which impoverish the speech. It should be our aim to scrupulously discard all such corruptions in speech, and cultivate a speech that is clear of all things which detract from rather than add to the thoughts we wish to express.

Pure speech is a treasure greatly to be prized. —*Gospel Herald*.

SEVEN CANNIBAL VILLAGES.

In the Congo region in West Africa a few years ago there were seven cannibal villages which were continually at war with each other. Missionaries labored three years before one convert was made, and this one convert was a lame man who could not fight, and who, therefore, was jeered at and despised. But he had moral courage. He told the story of Jesus to all who would listen. Now and then a naked cannibal fighter would steal into his hut and hear him tell of the Great Physician. During the next year thirty-one savages from the warring seven villages were baptized by the missionaries. At the first Lord's Supper one of them, with-

out being prompted, proposed that the new church should make it a rule to have every member give one-tenth of his income to the Lord. The other thirty heartily agreed. The same converted man next proposed that out of every ten members one should give his whole time to carrying the Gospel to the country around, and the other nine would support him. This was accepted gladly by all, and has been kept up for nearly ten years. Today there are four mission stations kept by these tribes, and over 2,000 have accepted the Christian faith.—*Sel*.

THE ACCENT OF CONVICTION.

A certain writer, in pointing out things essential to the success of the minister of the Gospel, assigns a prominent place to what he calls "the accent of conviction," in other words to that peculiarity of delivery which indicates that a man means what he says. A man who retained his prayer book, his creed, his office and his salary, long after he had parted with his faith in the things of which he spoke, when asked how he could read the church service when he knew that he did not believe what he was saying, answered:

"I read it as if I didn't believe it."

"How can you make the people believe the truth?" said a minister to an evangelist. "Believe it yourself," was the blunt response of a man who knew whereof he affirmed.

Said Richard Cecil, "The people look at a minister out of the pulpit, to see if he means what he says when he is in it." They do more than this: they look at the minister when he is in the pulpit to see whether he means what he says while he is saying it. A good woman thought she was excusable for not remembering the sermon, because the

minister himself could not remember it, and had to have it written down beforehand. It is not strange that a minister should fail to impress a congregation with the truths he utters, when he is not impressed by those truths himself.

There is a story of some Scotch noblemen who one day when hunting, came to one of those field meetings at which great multitudes used to assemble. They stood and listened while a pert, proud and flippant speaker delivered his address, and one of them asked of the other, "What do you think of that?" "I think," was the reply, "that the man himself does not believe a word he has said."

Presently John Brown, of Haddington, took the stand, and began to pour forth those streams of living water that were welling up within his own soul. The nobleman listened: And after a time the question was repeated: "And what do you think of that?" Think! I don't know what to think? Why, it seemed to me as if he thought that Jesus Christ stood behind him, and every little while he would stop, as if he were asking, 'Now, Lord, what shall I say next?'" The impression produced by such a testimony was one that could not be easily removed.

"I wish I could put as much soul into my words as such an one does," said a somewhat eminent man; but the only way to put soul into words is to have the soul to put in them. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And the great trouble with many ministers today, is not that they were unable to express their feelings, but that they have no feelings to express; and besides this, they are under a kind of constraint to keep up the ordinary level of religious appearances, and so they go on talking mere platitudes, trying to pour water out of dry bottles,

and laboring to make their empty bags stand just as straight as if they were full. Such persons frequently reprove others for their "coldness and indifference," and they often say, "We ought to do this," and "We ought to do that," and "We ought not to do this or to do that," or "Are we doing this or that which we ought to do?" and all that kind of talk, which serves to fill up the time, tho it never fills anything else. What men need is the "accent of conviction," and that accent only comes when they are telling the honest truth. And if men would cease trying to appear to be what they ought to be, and be willing to appear to be what they are, though it might cause a sudden shrinkage in apparent values, yet they would soon strike the hard-pan of honesty, and the words they speak would come with a force of sincere solid truth.

Suppose, for instance, a man instead of confessing the faults of everybody in general, and telling what we do, or what we do not do, or what we ought to do, should come down and fairly and honestly state his own actual condition thus: "I am backslidden from God; I believe I want to be a Christian, but my heart is cold. I read my newspaper, but I do not love the Bible; I have no message from God's word that comes with freshness to my soul, or will come with power to your hearts; I can only speak in my own strength, and I cannot say in the language of the Psalmist, 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, of thine only.' I have been unfaithful and unwatchful, and have sinned and wandered from the Lord. I have set an evil example, and have failed to lead others to the right way, and now it is my solemn conviction that before I undertake to point others to Christ or teach them the way of righteousness. I ought myself to turn my feet unto God's

testimonies, and confess my sins and return to the Lord from whom I have departed."

If a man who has been trying to preach when he had nothing to say, and whose words have been as empty as the idle air; would stand up before the people and tell them the honest truth concerning himself; if he would enter into details even, and confess his faults explicitly and without reserve, there would soon be an end of complaints of "a lack of feeling." Men would know that that man meant what he said, and the "accent of conviction" would carry words with weight to the hearts of those who heard him. The trouble with the religion of today may be expressed in the single word "Sham!" Like insolvent debtors who rate their property twice as high as they can ever sell it, there are professors of religion who are not willing to stand in the presence of their fellowmen as they know that they stand in the presence of their God. And God cannot approve them until He approves deception; He cannot bless their labors till He has decided to sanction hypocrisy, and to honor those whose lives are a living lie.—*H. L. Hastings.*

A Korean preacher in Seoul, was cast into prison because his son had committed an offense. He was put into a cell along with eighteen criminals, and kept there for five months without opportunity to clear himself. When he came out at the end of five months the eighteen criminals were eighteen Christians. This remarkable instance of devotion related by Dr. Heber Jones one of the first missionaries to Korea before the Presbyterian Board, was given says the "Presbyterian," not as a solitary, extraordinary specimen, but as a type of Korean Christianity.—*Sel.*

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Jesus said to His disciples, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." In our time the money part seems to be thought of first. Is there need for a church or for a Sunday school? Somebody promptly says, "Yes, there is great need, but how will you get the money?" If there is a real need God will help to secure the means. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." We have an Old Testament promise also concerning prayer, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" (Psa. 2: 8).—*Sel.*

THE CALL TO BE FISHERS OF MEN.

Jesus called the fishermen at the sea of Galilee. They had toiled all night and caught nothing. Directed by Jesus they caught a great multitude of fish. He called them to catch men. This world of ours is like a great ocean, in which are innumerable people. Jesus gives His disciples the work of catching them for Him. Sometimes fish are caught individually by a hook; the angler must study the ways of fish, and adapt himself to them. Again, fish are caught in nets in great numbers. "Fishermen's luck" is a proverb for that which is uncertain. The four leading men among the apostles, Peter and Andrew, James and John, were fishermen, called from catching fish to catch men. "They forsook all, and followed him" (Luke 5: 11). Some are required to quit their business and give themselves entirely to the work of evangelization.—*Sel.*

TIME, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

READER: Thy time on earth is short. The closing year, each setting sun, each tick of the clock, is shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to ETERNITY and to God. The year, the day, the hour, the moment will arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in Heaven, or thy wail in Hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there forever for ETERNITY.

Today thy feet stand on *Time's* sinking sand; *To-morrow* the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? Into ETERNITY.

Today thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planing for the future. *To-morrow* all is still; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to ETERNITY. Others were once busy as thou art; they are gone—gone to *Eternity*. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that reality—the reality of *Eternity*. The shrewd merchant whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded Exchange is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered *Eternity*.....

And, reader, *thine own* turn to enter *Eternity* will shortly come. Ask thy-

self honestly, "Am I prepared for *Eternity*." Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee today. Drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine *Eternal dwelling place*, and today is the time to make thy choice. *To-morrow* may be too late—one day behind time. *Which* art thou living for? *Which* art thou travelling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed, and the crown of glory. No, never! *Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God*. Reader, hast thou been born again? If so, well; but if not, the horrors of an *Eternal Hell* are awaiting thee and to-day thou art nearer its quenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. To-day He pleads. Turn ye, why will ye die?

*"Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling in clouds o'er the sky,
Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom.
Then haste, sinner haste, there's mercy for thee
And wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!"*

This tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., 15c per 100; \$1.00 per 1000, postpaid

LOST. LOST.

READER:—This is a solemn word! "Lost at sea"—"Lost in infamy"—"Lost in Death"—"A lost man"—"A lost woman"—"A lost child." All these words call up sad thoughts. But to be lost at *lost!*—how mournful. What a fate for you or for me. What an end for one who might have been a son of God, an heir of glory, a companion of angels and glorified saints; to miss the heavenly port, and fail of the grace of God, to *perish* and be *lost!*

—TOMBSTONE EPITAPH—

What an epitaph would that be. What a sad word to close up the history of a being destined for immortality—*lost!* Young, brave, polite, witty—but *lost!* Beautiful, amiable, caressed, flattered—but *lost!* Serious, moral, courteous, affectionate—but *lost!* Correct in deportment, a church-goer, benevolent, learned, respected—but *lost!*

Reader, shall such a record be written above the resting place of your buried hopes? "*Lost! Lost!*" Oh, 'tis a terrible thing to be lost in the wilderness; to be lost at sea; to have your ship ground to fragments amid the roaring tumult of the breakers and the frowning terrors of a lee shore; to feel that only one single plank holds you back from death, and that that will soon be swept from your enfeebled grasp; but oh, how much more terrible to be lost in eternity, to be ship-wrecked and dashed along dark ruin's fiery coast, to be drowned in destruction and perdition, to be lost amid the surging billows of the lake of fire and brimstone—to be *LOST!* *LOST!* *LOST!* Lost from mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR GAIN—

Terrible as this word is, it will close up the history of multitudes. "What

shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and *lose himself*, or be a castaway?" And it is a solemn fact that while no man ever *has* gained the whole world, thousands have been *lost* in the attempt. Shall this be *your* destiny? Do you tread the path of ambition and seek to gain the dizzy heights of power? Oh, look and see how many, in treading that perilous path, have been *lost!* Do you seek wealth?—ah, multitudes have lost themselves there. Satan has his hook in that pile of gold.

Do you seek pleasure? A young lady stood on the verge that overhung the boiling flood of Niagara, and saw a beautiful flower growing there. She coveted it; she reached forth her hand.

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR PLEASURE—
to pluck it, but bending above that dread abyss, her foot slipped, and she was—*LOST!* Ah, reader! the flowery path you tread overhangs perdition's awful gulf, and those beauteous blossoms of pride and praise are waving far out above the fiery deep: pluck them and you are *lost! Lost!*

—CHRISTLESS READER LOST NOW—

Christless reader, you are *lost now*. Not fatally, not irrecoverably. Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Christ is thy hope. You are a "lost sheep," but the Shepherd of Israel seeks you today. You are a *lost son*, but a father's heart yearns over the absent prodigal. Will you return? Ah, you are in darkness—you know not how. Let me tell you: Years ago a man was benighted in one of the mining regions in England. He lost his way. It was dark. Dangers were thick around him. The next step

The forgoing tract which is complete in a small eight page, 3½ by 5 in. booklet, with an attractive cover, can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 4 cents per copy; 40 cents per doz; \$1.50 per fifty; \$2.50 per hundred, postpaid. This booklet has proved a wonderful inspiration to some who were lost in